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THE

DAUGHTER OF INNISFAIL;

OR THE

WHITEBOYS OF '65,

AN IRISH DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS,

BY THE LATE

✓
JOHN DONLON, Esq.

PUBLISHED BY
JOHN D. CONWAY.
LAWRENCE, MASS.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

—o—

LORD DOOGAL,
HARRY DOOGAL, son of Lord Doogal,
MARQUIS OF DROGHEDA,
PADDY KELLY, leader of the Whiteboys,
DARBY O'BRIEN,
TOM O'BRIEN, son of Darby.
MICKY O'TOOLE,
TAIDY O'TOOLE, son of Micky,
OWNY MURPHY,
LONERGAN,
DUNLEA,
BARNY DOLAN,

LADY DOOGAL, wife of Lord Doogal,
ANNIE DOOGAL, daughter of Lord and Lady Doogal,
MOLLY O'BRIEN, daughter of Darby O'Brien.
BIDDY MCGINNIS.

Sheriff officers, soldiers, Whiteboys, neighbors, &c.

For permission to produce this drama, address JOHN,
D. CONWAY, Lawrence, Mass.

THE DAUGHTER OF INNISFAIL,

OR THE

WHITE BOYS OF '65.

ACT 1.

SCENE I. A landscape at Clogheen, Tipperary.

Enter DARBY O'BRIEN.

Darby. It's a foin day, God bless it. It does me heart good to enjoy it. Arrah, wouldn't I be the happy man, if me daughther Molly would only consint to be the young lord's wife. Och! wouldn't I have the foin time, plenty of praties, and divil a thing to do? Arrah, Micky. is that yoursel'?

Enter MICKY O'TOOLE.

Micky. Faix no, thin. It's the ghost of the ould boy hisself. Did you take me for Meself?

Darby. Arrah, shtop your jokin', now, Micky. I've a sacret to impart to ye. Will you swear black is white and white is something else if I make it known to ye?

Micky. I will. Divil a one will ever hear it.

Darby. Thin his lordship axed me this very day to give me daughther Molly to his son. Harry.

Micky. Musha, Darby, don't be jokin' wid me. Is it I that 'd be afther believin' sich nonsince? No, no: not Micky O'Toole; did you know that?

Darby. Upon me conscience, it's throe.

Micky. Arrah, don't be talkin' man!

Darby. Divil from me soul if it aint so.

Micky. Did ye give yer consint to the match?

Micky. Sure I must axe hersel' first, poor crathur.

Micky. What has she got to do wid it? Troth, thin, if it was me I'd tell him he might have her and welcome: cause why, thin you'd not have to give her a fortune.

The few bonnives you have are little enough for yourself and as for the ould sow, sure ye wouldn't be after givin' her that, the purtiest one in the family?

Darby. Divil a thing he wants wid her.

Micky. So you tell me that yer daughther Molly has stolen the young lord's heart, and got his father's consint? It wouldn't be one of my daughthers he'd take, and I havin' so many. If he axed me for one sure I'd give him them all and welcome, bad cest to them. I'm sick and tired of them already.

Darby. Arrah, what would his lordship want of one of your omadhawns? They don't know enough to wash their own praties, let alone entertainin' the ginty.

Micky. Do ye want to insult me in frint of me face? you breed of the shape-stalers and murdherers. Indade it niver come to the day that I'd compare me fine, innocent daughthers to Molly O'Brien.

Darby. Call your shape-stalers and murdherers around you. There's none in my family.

Micky. If you give me another word I'll sthrike you in the gob.

Darby. If me son Tom was here you'd get every bone in your body smashed; but I'm an ould man, and ye know that, ye desateful informer.

Micky. Shut your gob this minute, or I'll make you. Take that on yer illigant looking chops. (they fall, clinched together.)

Enter TAIDY O'TOOLE.

Micky. Taidy! Taidy! I'm kilt!

Taidy. Off, you mane scut. I'll let you know what it is to let one o' the O'Tooles alone. (and he pounds Darby with might and main.)

Darby. Och, murdher! murdher! I'm kilt! Tom! Tom! Where are ye, Tom? Will ye see yer father kilt by these bastes?

Enter TOM O'BRIEN.

Tom. Get out o' that, ye ill-bred cutthroats. Blood and 'ounds but I'll be the death of ye! Take that, and that!

Taidy. Is it me ye mane? How dare ye insult the name of O'Toole! (Taidy and Tom fight while the old

men look on impatiently.)

Darby. Give it to him. Tom! That's it!

Mickey. Go in, Taidy, and smash him.

Enter two PEELERS.

Peeler. Hold! I command you to desist. I arrest you in the name of the crown. Come on. (turning to the old men.) If you don't go home we'll arrest you.

SCENE II. Sitting-room in Lord Doogal's Castle in which are seated the Doogal family, Lord, Lady, Harry and Annie.

Lord. Well, Harry, I've been over to see O'Brien about his daughter Mary, and he was pleased to be of service to me, and rejoiced at the dignity to which such a match would elevate him.

Harry. I'm glad to hear that. perfectly delighted; but I have every reason to fear that she will never consent to have me.

Lord. Every reason to fear that she will never consent to have you? A poor farmer's daughter to refuse the offer of one so far above her? No; she will not do that. She cannot, unless she wishes to deprive her parents of house and home. You know she is a tenant on my estate.

Lady. You would not put them out if she should refuse?

Lord. You'll see whether I will or not. To-morrow night you'll know; that you will.

Annie. Oh! father, you cannot; you will not, I beseech of you, put your rash threats into execution. Just think, father, how would you feel in a like position?

Lord. I don't care about that. Let impossibilities alone. She shall be Harry Doogal's wife. Whom do you fear as a rival, or, is there one in the parish?

Harry. Paddy Kelly, the Tinker's son, is devotedly attached to her.

Lord. Is he the only obstacle to your future happiness?

Harry. All that I know of at present.

Lord. Then he shall be removed from the vicinity.

Harry. I fear it will be very difficult to handle him. He is the smartest man in the parish.

Lord. I'll soon find one who can handle him.

Annie. Dear father, I implore you to have nothing to do with him. It will only create trouble, and heaven only knows what may be the consequence. If she does not love Harry, and cannot love him, to be united to her would make his life miserable.

Harry. Do stop, Annie. Don't prejudice father against me, for you are aware how miserable I am at this moment.

Lady. There is no need of being so miserable, for, if I understand aright, the only object in marrying Mary O'Brien is this: You, having been insulted by Paddy Kelly, who is in love with Mary, and wishing to resent the injury, you have taken this mode to vent your indignation.

Annie. Oh, Harry! how can you be so cruel as to plunge this innocent girl into so much unhappiness, for the sake of having revenge on Paddy Kelly. I thought you had more honor than you have. Why not act like a man of honor and integrity, not like an unprincipalled villain, who cares neither for God nor man?

Harry. Why, Annie, I did not expect this feverish outburst of malignant fire from you.

Annie. Harry, I have always loved you as a sister truly loves a brother, but until now I never thought you would be guilty of such a breach of honor.

Harry. There, Annie, do stop. It is not to be expected that you would know much about men's affairs, so I will excuse you on account of your limited amount of knowledge.

Annie. If I do not know their vile inclinations, and still more debasing transactions, I know what may be expected from any honorable gentleman, who values his honor as he does his life. Now, to follow the dictates of my conscience, I will impart to her all that has transpired. A daughter of Innisfail shall not be treacherously enslaved as is her lamented country. I will put her on guard against your vile machinations, for I do not countenance such sentiments as you have uttered.

Lady. Why, Annie! I'm surprised at you. What! Would you tell Mary O'Brien what has just transpired?

Annie. Certainly I would, and will, if father and

Harry persist in carrying out their villainous plans.

Lord. Do you call these villainous plans?

Annie. I do, most assuredly,

Lord. Do you think I would be guilty of a mean act?

Annie. To speak the sentiments nearest to my heart, I do, should you persist in this nefarious enterprise. Are the poor to be trampled with impunity, and made dupes to the whims of the minor gentry, without a chance of offering something in their own defence? Did the Omnipotent Creator of the universe single out one human being to be the slave of another, for the purpose of destroying that unanimity which should characterize all mankind, who are the same in flesh and blood, but changed by the glitter of the devil's gold. We are brothers and sisters of a remote generation, notwithstanding our present condition of liberty and servitude. When the frost of many years shall whiten the plumes of the lords of mammon; and the drooping limbs of the proudest monarchs shall tremble on the march to that bourne from whence they came; When the last rites of mortality shall cease, and the corse shall have lain beneath the luxuriant vegetation but a few years, who, then, can tell the lord of the manor from the pauper of the street?

Lord. When you've seen as much of the world as I have, you'll have reason to alter your mind some.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. My lord, his honor, the Marquis of Droghe-da is at the door. Will I show him in?

Lord. Immediately.

Enter MARQUIS.

Marquis. Compliments of the day, my lord.

Lord. A return of the same, Marquis, and the hospitality of my home.

Mar. Thanks. I knew I was welcome.

Lord. What's the news? Anything about Father Sheehy?

Mar. Not much. I think he will not escape the executioner. All the gentry are against him, and are determined to convict him. When Sir Thomas Maude, William and John Bagnel, Daniel Toler and Parson Hewitson are against him, maintaining the existence of

a popish plot, his chances of liberation or of commutation are small. You know that the crown is determined to subdue the refractory spirit of its rebellious subjects, and also that the court will impose a penalty adequate to the degree of the outrage perpetrated on a government so spotless and superior.

Lord. Suppose he's innocent of the crime and they should bring in a verdict of guilty, would not their conscience reproach them for the indignity?

Mar. Shakespeare says, "Conscience makes cowards of us all." Father Sheehy is connected with the minor gentry. He was educated in France. He is very eloquent, and by his talents and oratorical powers in denouncing their licentious lives and exhortations of tithes from the parsons, he became so obnoxious that they demanded his life to pay the penalty for his rashness.

Lord. He has a tolerable right to preach the gospel according to his faith.

Mar. Toleration is only a word, which is meaningless at the present time as applied to religious rites. In '63 he attempted to drill the Whiteboys, and was arrested for treason, but through insufficient evidence was acquitted. On the 12th of March he will be tried at Clonmel, and if convicted, as he surely will, his doom is sealed.

Lord. Can anything be done to save him?

Mar. Nothing, under heaven. As sure as the sun sets, three days after his conviction, its dying rays shall fall on his silent grave.

Annie. Oh, Mercy! Can they take the life of an innocent man without just cause?

Mar. Please excuse me, ladies, for thus lightly talking of death in your presence.

Lady. I'm sorry for Father Sheehy. How hard it is to have enemies plotting against his life! This life is only the shadow of death, since we grope in darkness from the cradle to the tomb.

Lord. Let us drop this melancholly discourse. Will your honor favor us with your presence at supper?

Mar. I should only be too happy to do so.

Lord. Then let us all retire to the dining-room.

(Exit.

SCENE III. A number of mud cabins, and hills in the distance.

Enter PADDY KELLY, followed by Whiteboys.

Paddy. We'll show them what the Whiteboys can do. When the peelers come in sight keep as quiet as possible, until I give the word of command, and then pin them to the ground. We are bound by an oath to do all in our power to rescue a friend from the clutches of the law. Tom O'Brien and Taidy O'Toole are in their hands. We must rescue them. Here they come. Down with you, and keep silent.

Enter PEELERS.

Paddy. Pin them to the ground, boys!

Peelers. Murder! treason! murder! treason!

Paddy. Shut your infernal mouth, or I'll knock your brains out. We are the Whiteboys. Surrender at once! Come to terms this instant! Time is precious! Swear you'll never betray us, or, as sure as there is a God above you, you'll breathe no more!

Peelers. We swear!

Paddy. You swear, as God is your Judge, you will never inform on us.

Peelers. We swear!

Paddy. Then go, and if you prove unfaithful, we'll forget to have mercy. (the peelers depart.) Now boys, we'er in danger, and must keep an eye on the enemy.

Owny Murphy. Hush, you blaguard! Does ye hear that? Begob if it isn't the whole barracks of sogers on the lookout afther us. Hould yer whist, I tell ye or ye'll bethray us intirely an' sure. It makes me heart jimp wid jy to think of havin' a rap at the thraitors. Arrah, won't I whack 'em. Don't even lave them hear you think-in' of knockin' thim down.

Barney Dolan. An' sure it's yoursel' that's makin' all the bedlam.

Owny. Bad lamb, did you say? An' sure I thought you were a bad sheep, and the worst in the flock.

Barney. Oh, you poor, ignorant dhrone, I'm ashamed to be convarsin' wid the likes o' ye.

Enter MOLLY O'BRIEN.

Paddy. Molly, mavourneen! (they embrace.)

Molly. Oh, Paddy! you have done so much! Perillous as the adventure was you feared it not. Ireland needs a friend, Paddy; never desert her in the hour of need, and Molly will be faithful to her son.

Paddy. Me, to desert poor old Ireland! Can the sun desert the firmament? Can the earth cease its continuous motion? Can life exist without breath? No; nor can the heart of Paddy Kelly ever beat for any land but his own! No, Molly, I would sooner desert you, and that would be parting with life itself. Paddy Kelly loves his Erin, the brightest jewel on the bounds of the ocean, whose fairest flowers are its virtuous daughters, and whose proudest boast is the devotion of its sons to the land of their birth. Ireland must, and shall be free. The folds of her flag shall yet cast its shadow over the ocean, and be respected and honored by its most inveterate enemy.

Molly. God grant that your prediction may be verified and destitution be a stranger in the land!

Owny. Arrah, she's the soger, to capture that barrack widout a blow.

Barny. An' sure she sthruck him in the heart—the most sinsible part of the body, and a divilish hard blow at that. Arrah, look at him, will you, blow me if he aint chained to her bett'her than I could do it in the forge.

Owny. Whisht! the rogues are lookin' at us.

Paddy. Now, Molly, we'll have to part, though I would prefer to linger longer, and enjoy the pleasure your presence ever presents.

Owny. The poor crathurs are gettin' out of their heads. I pity thim from the bottom of me sowl.

Barny. 'Tisn't out of their heads their gettin' at all at all; but it's the since that's gettin' out of their heads.

Owny. Faix thin I'd like to have the since out of me head for a little while; and thin I'd break Biddy's heart, and make her cry till the salt water from her eyes would dhrown the ocean.

Barny. Thin, be gob, I'll knock the sinse out of you if there's any in you. (he strikes him.)

Owny. Bad cest to ye, and all belonging to ye. Do ye want to kill a man?

Barny. Sure I was only makin' ye like himself. I'll tell ye what's good to bring the saltwather to yer Biddy's eyes. Take a lump of an ingun, and don't lave her see it until yer ready to cut it. Draw the knife through it widout sayin' a word, so the juce will go in her eyes, and if that don't bring the salt wather, I'm not Barny Dolan.

Owny. Do ye want me to blind her intirely? Sure she's bad enough now. God knows, and its little she sees of me, but divil a see would she ever want to see me if I played such a thrick as that on her.

Barny. She's lavin' him. Here he comes.

Paddy. Well boys we must be moving to a more sheltered spot, and remain there until the time appointed for the rescue of Father Sheehey. Will you come over to the meadow of Edward Sheehey and help him out of his work?

All. We will. (exit.)

Enter MOLLY O'BRIEN.

Is he gone so soon? Oh, Paddy! where are you? You know not how I love you. May God, in his mercy, preserve you, Paddy, and deliver Innisfail from the tyranny of her oppressors. Oh, heavens! where are you, Paddy? To think that I may never see you again is painful. I have a presentment that something evil is going to happen. The thought is terrible! I hear some one coming. I knew he would not leave his Molly so suddenly. Here he comes.

Enter HARRY DOOGAL.

Harry. How are you, Mary? and how are the old folks enjoying their health.

Molly. Very well, may it please your honor.

Harry. I see you've been crying. No doubt the prosecution of Father Sheehey is the cause. The pious man has my sympathy in his misfortune.

Molly. Have you heard aught concerning him?

Harry. The Marquis says he is a doomed man, and can, under no circumstances, obtain a reprieve; but is to die three days after the completion of the trial.

Molly. Good heavens! Can they be so cruel as to destroy the life of one of God's noblest of creatures?

Harry. So it is; for as sure as that orb bids adieu to the day, its lingering light shall fall on his lonely grave.

Molly. What is the world coming to? Where in the world can one solitary spot be found that requires no innocent blood to be shed? Oh, that I could find it, I would fly there immediately.

Harry. Then, I assure you, I can find a place, if you will consent to go there.

Molly. Why the nobility like to trifle with the commonalty I can't imagine.

Harry. No trifling, Mary. I am in earnest. Dear Mary! I have longed for this opportunity to confess my love. I love you dearly, and would be the happiest man in the universe with you as my wife.

Molly. I am sorry to have you so deeply in love with me, but I cannot consent to be yours.

Harry. Reflect, Mary! Don't be too rash in your utterance. I am deeply in love with you, and nothing can content me but your presence in my castle as mistress.

Molly. That will never be as long as there is a drop of Irish blood in my veins; when that leaves me, life will be extinct. It is beneath your dignity to stoop so low as to unite with a tenant's daughter.

Harry. You swear you will never be mine?

Molly. Never. I care naught for your reputed wealth. It is better to live in a mud cabin with comfort and happiness, than dwell in a palace supported by the oppression and miseries inflicted on the helpless inhabitants of your vast domain.

Harry. You are in my power. You reject me for that despicable tinker's son, Paddy Kelly. Were I only to say the word, he would find himself lodged in Clonmel jail, loaded with chains, and convicted of felony.

Molly. How dare you express to me what you would under no consideration insinuate to him! Such insolence ill becomes one of your dignity. You are only fit to cope with weak, unarmed women. Had you even hinted to Paddy what you have spoken to me he would have felled you to the ground.

Harry. Paddy Kelly dare to assault me?

Molly. I'm sure of it, were I even to hint at your behaviour. He is not an object of ridicule that you would laugh so scornfully at him.

Enter PADDY KELLY.

Paddy. What, Molly! alone with Harry Doogal? I was not aware that you had private interviews with others, or I would not have trespassed. I came to speak with you for a few moments.

Molly. We met accidentally. If your honor will depart in peace I will forgive you.

Paddy. Has he dared to insult you, Molly?

Harry. Yes, Paddy, dear, and dares to insult you.

Molly. Patience, Paddy! Would you have the blood of such a cowardly miscreant on your soul? A miserable type of nobility, who, in point of education, may claim a higher position in society, but in morality, patriotism and devotion to his country, you, dear Paddy, must be accredited his superior. He's a mere dupe to the machinations and treachery of his wiley and unprincipled associates.

Harry. Were you a man, you would receive your just deserts; but being a woman I scorn to lay a hand on you; for you, Paddy Kelly, I'll look to some other time. Aye, then will I show you what it is to trifle with a man of my pedigree.

Paddy. You're as weak as your words.

Harry. . Then a trial will prove what theory cannot accomplish. (He grasps Paddy around the body.)

Harry. For heaven's sake, Paddy, desist!

Enter OWNY MURPHY.

For the love of God, Owny, separate them!

Owny. Faix thin, I will that. (He tries to part them, when Harry discharges a pistol.)

Paddy. Two can play at that game, you coward! Surrender that pistol!

Harry. Surrender my pistol to Paddy Kelly?

Paddy. Come, sir, that pistol? Seize him, Owny! Wrest it from him!

Owny. To the divil wid ye. D'ye think 'at I'm not able for ye? Dhrop that pishtol this minute, ye thraitor!

Harry. Take that, hellhound! (he fires.)

Molly. Owny's killed!

Owny. Not quite. Hould him for me, and I'll fix him. (Harry and Paddy roll over and over.)

Molly. Paddy! Paddy! Owny is dying. (Paddy releases himself from Harry to attend to Owny, when Harry decamps.)

Owny. Good-bye to ye all! Tell the boys I sind me love to thim. That feller kilt me. Tell the boys to revenge me death. (he dies.)

Molly. Paddy, through the love you bear me, revenge his death. It was I who caused his death. Waste not a moment.

Paddy. Molly, you have a grateful heart, and I hope it will bear you up while I am gone. Farewell!

Enter SHERIFF and PEELERS.

Sheriff. Paddy Kelly, I arrest you in the name of the crown for the murder of Owny Murphy, who now lies lifeless before you. Come with us.

Paddy. I am innocent.

Sheriff. That's what all murderers say. Put the irons on him. (The officers bind him in irons, seeing which, Molly faints and falls to the ground. Exit officers with prisoner.)

Enter ANNIE DOOGAL.

Molly. (Rising.) Oh, Paddy, I thought you were imprisoned! Where are you? Ah, I see! It's all reality.

Annie. Mary, allow me to help you into the cabin. You are faint and weary.

Molly. Have you, too, come to torment me?

Annie. No, Mary; I came to soothe and comfort. It was my brother who committed the deed. I will save Paddy Kelly, or Harry suffers for his crime. Come, Mary, I am your friend and oppression's foe. (exit)

ENTER TAIDY O'TOOLE.

Taidy. Och, murdher! Owny's dead, God rest his sowl. Be gob. thin, I'll not lave ye here alone. [exit with corpse.]

SCENE IV. Paddy Kelly confined in prison.

Paddy. Here I am, imprisoned for the crime of murder, and innocent of the crime! What would I care for

the punishment I am about to endure, if Molly did not feel it also? Oh! could I but see her once more and clasp her to my bosom, I'd die happy.

Enter ANNIE DOOGAL.

Annie. I came to console you in solitude. I know all, and have seen the whole affair. Being a privileged person, I was admitted without much trouble, since I exhibited no pity for you. Now it is different, that I have accomplished my object, and stand before you as a friend instead of foe. I would scorn to be the friend of a coward. You shall be free. Harry's plans shall be thwarted. His movements shall I watch both day and night, and should he lift a hand to destroy your life, as sure as he lives, so sure will he die by the hand of Annie Doogal. Change clothes with me and I'll remain.

Paddy. You are too brave to put in peril.

Annie. Come, put on this dress, or Annie Doogal brings you down! (She points a pistol at him with the right hand, while the other holds the garments.)

Paddy. I fear not threatening language nor rebuke when I am right.

Annie. Do you fear for Mary?

Paddy. I do.

Annie. Then put these on, and see her. They will do me no harm. Harry will not prosecute when I tell him what I have witnessed. You are aware that the rich triumphs o'er the poor, who find no mercy at Clonmel jail.

Paddy. You will disgrace your family.

Annie. I care for none but mother. My allotted time has nearly expired, so delay no longer. On with these if you would save your life.

Paddy. I'll obey. If anything happens I'll return to set you free.

Annie. Let no one see you till I am free; then I'll set all things aright.

Paddy. (kisses her hand.) Farewell, kind lady. I will never forget this act of kindness. [exit.]

Annie. Now, then, I'll show Harry what woman knows about the world, and what they can do when driven. I know how the poor suffer, and can feel for them. The poor and afflicted shall find in me a friend.

Enter HARRY DOOGAL.

Harry. Ah, ha! Paddy Kelly! where are your Whiteboys now? What! my sister confined in Clonmel jail? How happens it that I see you in confinement?

Annie. You shall know, with all my heart. I released Paddy Kelly. He is now beyond your power, and you are the guilty one. I witnessed the perpetration of the murder. Procure my release at once, or I will put the bloodhounds on your trail. No words. Do as I bid, or the world will not be large enough to hold you.

Harry. Annie, I beg of you—

Annie. Begone! You insult me. Depart and do my bidding. (exit Harry.) I knew he would be silent on one subject. This is not all I shall do for you, Paddy Kelly. I'll place you and Molly beyond the reach of adversity and your enemies. Let who will tyrannize over Ireland it is my country still, and I will stand for the rights of my countrymen. I weep for her slavery, and sigh for her liberty. Oh, soul of the bard whose musical numbers, aroused, to the field, from his slumber, O'Neil, come back to the land now subdued by the tyrant, and call on its chief, to redeem Innisfail. Somebody is coming. I must keep quiet.

Enter LORD DOOGAL, WIFE and SHERIFF.

Lord. What in the name of creation tempted you to place yourself in prison for the sake of liberating a murderer?

Annie. He's not a murderer. When you know as much as I do, you'll have reason to change your opinion, and not censure me for what I've done.

Lord. (to the sheriff.) For God's sake liberate her, and I'll see that you are compensated for your services, and exhonored from all blame. (to Annie.) It was with difficulty that I procured your release so soon. Come, put this on, and let us leave this accursed place.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A graveyard.—Time; night. Enter Paddy Kelly with Whiteboys, bearing the corpse of Owny Murphy.

Paddy. Now, boys, kneel, and pray for the everlasting happiness of Owny Murphy. (they kneel in silence

for a short time, and Paddy rises first.) "Lovers of the Green Isle, listen. I am the cause of Owny's death. The ball was aimed for me, missed its mark, and there's the result. I swear, over his lifeless corpse, that his death shall be avenged.

Enter MOLLY O'BRIEN.

Molly. (Running to Paddy, and throwing her arms around his neck.) Oh, Paddy! Paddy! I thought I'd never see you again.

Paddy. Did you, Molly, mavourneen?

Molly. Yes. I'm so happy. Are you injured?

Paddy. No, gragh ma chre. It was intended for me; but struck Owny. Tell me, Molly, have you seen any of the peelers around the place?

Molly. No, Paddy. Sure they won't take you away from me again, will they?

Paddy. I fear they will. Excuse me, Molly. We must bury Owny. Boys, lower the body and cover it. (after completing the work, they depart, leaving Paddy and Molly in converse.)

Enter ANNIE DOOGAL.

Annie. I come to caution you against one who is now plotting your ruin. He has two accomplices. They are now in consultation. Tarry not here; but move on. I will watch them. Farewell. (exit.)

Paddy. Well, Molly, she witnessed the murder, and for that reason is determined to see justice done.

Molly. I fear that something dreadful is at hand.

Paddy. Banish such thoughts, acushla. Paddy Kelly will yet be united to his Molly,

Molly. How light you make it. Take good care of yourself for Molly's sake, and follow her ladyship's advice. Now, let us part.

Paddy. One kiss before you go, Molly. (he kisses her.) Now, Farewell. (exit Molly.) Molly's gone, the loving little creature. I never knew before that she loved me so sincerely. Confound that Harry Doogal! I'll come square with him yet.

Enter LONERGAN and DUNLEA.

Dunlea. I believe your name is Paddy Kelly?

Paddy. Well?

Lonergan. You're a traitor.

Paddy. Traitor? No; never beat a truer heart for Erin's Isle, than that in Paddy Kelly's breast. If you call that treason, then I'm a traitor.

Dunlea. For that reason we demand your surrender.

Paddy. Demand my surrender?

Dunlea. Yes; and we'll take you, dead or alive.

Paddy. Treacherous scoundrels, fall back! (he strikes Dunlea, when Lonergan clutches him from behind, and knocks him senseless. He is pinioned and gagged.)

Enter HARRY DOOGAL.

Harry. Well done, boys. (turning to Paddy, who began to regain his senses.) Ha, ha, so you have at last come into my power. I have applied for the hand of Mary O'Brien, and you were the only stumbling block. Now, she will be mine in spite of all. I will have you confined in my castle, and leave you to die of starvation, when the hungry rats will stow your carcass in their empty stomachs. Away with him to the castle. I'll hence directly. (exit Dunlea and Lonergan with the manacled form of Paddy Kelly.) I will have him persecuted to such an extent that he will wish he never was born. I'll confine him in a dungeon where sunlight is a stranger, where the tinkling of his chains will be music in his ear. I'll visit him often, and cry out, *Molly O'Brien!* Is this not revenge? No; I am not satisfied with that. Mary, too, will suffer, if she continues obstinate in her refusal. I'll see that he's cared for. (exit.)

SCENE II. Paddy Kelly in the dungeon.

Enter HARRY, LONERGAN and DUNLEA.

Lonergan. Paddy, how does the world use you?

Dunlea. No need to ask him, for he seems as happy as his majesty, and has more costly jewels attached to his person.

Harry. He appreciates it highly, without thanking the generous donor. Call your whiteboys around you now, and tell them how happy you feel. Ha, ha, ha, my hero, Mary will now be mine!

Dunlea. Lonergan, take that (handing him a sword) and prick him gently; we want to hear the lion roar.

Paddy. Cowardly dogs, I will yet be free.

Dunlea. Swallow this. (with his pistol raised to Paddy's head.)

Annie Doogal. (stepping from a recess in the cellar.) Not yet. There, take that, you base tool of a still baser master. (she pushes him into a pit.) See that, Harry Doogal! He's sunk in the bottomless pit! The one who saved that shot now stands before you. Think not that your vile proceedings escape the notice of Annie. Night and day have I followed you, as a dog would follow its master, but, unlike the dog, I concealed myself in darkness. This atrocious deed was unforeseen, but ever vigilant that I am, I have hunted you down and ferreted out your true character, and it may be summed up in one word, that is, *Villain*.

Harry. Hanging is too good for him, the low born brat.

Annie. No more of that reproachful language. I disown you as a brother; I despise you as a stranger, and denounce you as an infamous hypocritical scoundrel! If you had any jurisdiction, or could exercise the indurate feelings of your heart, what would be the result? Why, the persecution of the poor to a degree bordering on insanity. Their rights would be wrested from them with indignity. They would be driven, like sheep, to the slaughter-house, for the gratification of satisfying your uncontrolable lust. From this moment we are strangers. There is another of your victims in the pit below. If it was not for you, Annie Doogal would not be reduced to this. Should you attempt to injure Mary O'Brien, that shall be your fate. I shall return again to release you, Paddy Kelly. Defend yourself with this until my return. (hands him a pistol. (exit Annie.)

Harry. Can this be reality? Yes; she has done it! Annie, this night's work shall cost you your life. I'll go to the Marquis, and request his presence with a squad of soldiers. She will return with the Whiteboys. (Exit.)

SCENE III. A mud cabin, in which are seated Darby, Tom and Molly O'Brien, Micky and Taidy O'Toole.

Tom. I wondher where Paddy Kelly is all this time? He promised to meet us at Biddy Murphy's. I've me

eye on Nora this long time, and I feel that she reciprocates me affections.

Taidy. What's that he said? Receive through Kate his affections? Tom, I'll warn ye afore hand for fear ye might get in throuble. Kate's to be married soon, and if her intended heard ye talkin' that way, he'd be the death of ye,

Darby. What Kate is this, Tom, agragh, that ye're takin' a fancy to now? An' sure I thought ye were havin' yer eye on Nora Murphy.

Tom. It's the divil intirely to knock anything into yer thick pates. What's the use of a gintleman of edication like me, to be convarsin' wid the likes o' ye! I said reciprocate me affections, that is interchange love wid me, d'ye know now?

Taidy. Where did ye manage to larn such thunderin' words, I dunno?

Tom. From an illigant scholar, the village school masther. The divil a word in the glossary but he could tell you the maning of if he had it before him.

Taidy. What's the maning of blossom, Tom?

Tom. It manes the red pimple on your father's nose, nourished wid too much whiskey.

Taidy. Me father niver tasted a dhrop in the world.

Tom. That's throe enough; he niver tastes it, but laves it run into his mouth like a river.

Taidy. An' sure the dochter ordered it to keep his sperits up.

Tom. Thin he's goin' contrary to the dochter's orders, for I saw him wid the bottle on his head puttin' the sperits down.

Enter ANNIE DOOGAL.

Annie. Good evening, friends.

Darby. Ye're welcome to my cabin. Would your ladyship plase sit down and make one among us?

Annie. I came with news from Paddy Kelly. He is imprisoned in my father's castle, by my brother's command. You must release him by force. Who will meet me there at midnight.

All. I will.

Tom. I pledge me word of honor that I and the rest

of the boys will be there, and divil a shtone will we lave upon another, if ye only say the word.

Annie. Show your Irish blood to-night, and victory will crown your efforts. The Marquis of Drogheda, with a squad of soldiers, awaits your coming, so be well prepared.

Taidy. By the powers, your ladyship's an illigant specimen of the gintry; but, if I'd not be afther insultin' ye wid me talk. I'd say that ye'd make a fine soger, if ye had the britches on.

Annie. Thank you for the compliment. I must be going. Remember my injunctions, so good-night.

Tom. What d'ye think of that, Taidy? A daughter of a gintleman to mix wid the common people, and, what's the divil intirely, to tell the sacrets of the family.

Taidy. Bad luck from me soul, but I've a mind to set me cap for her. Who knows but I might be the fortunate craythur, and ye know that a finer husband couldn't be found in the patch than meself.

Tom. I had a great notion to come 'round her meself, she seemed so happy when I spoke to her.

Taidy. Nora would break her innocent heart wid sorrow for ye.

Tom. Sure it's jokin' I was.

Darby. Hould yer prate, and shtop bladgin' for want of sinse. Ye're forgettin' all about Paddy Kelly.

Micky. Troth an' that's so. Blast ye! shtop yer nize, and get yerselves ready for the invasion of the cashel.

Tom. Taidy, shtep out and get all the boys ye kin, an' I'll do the same. (exit Taidy and Tom.)

Molly. There will be blood shed to-night.

Darby. Lave Tom alone for that. He's enough for any of them. They're comin' already.

Enter TOM O'BRIEN.

Tom. Come in, boys! (they enter with black-thorn sticks.) Taidy'll soon be back, and thin for the slashin'.

Molly. Here he comes.

Micky. Arrah, I knew one of the O'Tooles wouldn't be behind hand. Good on your head! Make room for thim.

Enter TAIDY and WHITEBOYS.

Tom. Ye done well, Taidy, considerin' the time. Attintion, boys. (all is silent.) I have called you together to-night for the purpose of liberatin' Paddy Kelly, who is a prisoner in the cashle. Will ye come to the rescue?

All. We will.

Tom. Are ye all ready?

Taidy. All ready.

Tom. Attintion! Forward, march! (they leave the cabin, followed by the old men and Molly to see them off.)

SCENE IV. A sitting-room in Lord Doogal's castle, in which are seated Lord Doogal, Lady, Harry, Annie, and Marquis of Drogheda.

Harry. What do you think of the Whiteboys' courage?

Mar. It's nothing but blow. How long do you suppose they would stand before the disciplined force here to-night?

Harry. I couldn't say.

Mar. I don't wish to exaggerate, but think they are as easily routed as so many children.

Harry. They seem to me like lions maddened with hunger. They will die rather than submit to captivity, for they know the result would be death on the gallows.

Mar. Should they make their appearance in the face of so overwhelming a force as I have here, I will not let one return home alive.

Lord. They know nothing about your superiority, and through ignorance, will be undaunted. Hark! they're advancing with regular step. Do you hear that?

Harry. What is to be done now?

Mar. Are you sure they are the Whiteboys?

Harry. There's O'Brien's voice! There it is again!

Mar. Go to the door, and demand their object.

Harry. Not I.

Mar. Then you are a coward!

Annie. I will meet them at the door without fear.

Mar. It may be dangerous for your lordship and ladyship, so I beg you to retire, (they retire.)

Harry. I'll go after my sword! [exit Harry.]

Mar. Here they come, as sure as I live. Soldiers, to the front! [the soldiers enter the room, and prepare

for an attack on the Whiteboys.) Now, do duty for your country and king George!

Enter ANNIE and WHITEBOYS.

Annie. Here they are, Marquis. I hope the affair will be peaceably settled. They only seek the release of Paddy Kelly.

Mar. I demand an unconditional surrender in the name of King George!

Tom. Never! while Erin claims a son.

Mar. Charge! soldiers, charge! Show no quarter! (they charge, shouting "King George!" and "victory!")

Taidy. Give them the shticks! Erin go bragh! (Paddy Kelly enters in the midst of the fight, having been released by Annie Doogal, and the Whiteboys shout "Paddy Kelly!") After a brief encounter the soldiers are routed, and the Whiteboys are masters of the field.

Paddy. Thank God the day is ours. Now, boys, three cheers for her ladyship.

All. Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

Tom. Bedad here's the lady herself. (cheer after cheer welcomes her appearance.)

Enter ANNIE DOOGAL.

Paddy. I now bend before you in thanksgiving for my delivery. Through your aid I am once more a freeman.

Annie. Rise. Bow no knee before me. I have only done my duty to God and man. By my fidelity to the Whiteboys I have become an outcast in the family, and now I am but a mere remnant of mortality. I must seek a home in a foreign land.

Paddy. While I have an arm to extend to your aid, it is at your service. Aye, I would lose the last drop of blood in my body to shield you from harm.

Annie. Thank you for your kindness. You will be rewarded hereafter.

Paddy. I owe you my life. You saved it.

Annie. I shall be sorry to part with you to-night, but I must, so I beg that you will follow my advice, and return to your homes.

Paddy. And leave you here?

Annie. So must it be. I do not fear.

Paddy. At your request we part; but, mark me, if anything happens to you, Paddy Kelly will revenge it. Come, boys, let us obey the lady. (exit Whiteboys and Annie.)

ACT III.

SCENE I. Mud cabin of Darby O'Brien. Molly stands outside close to the cabin.

Molly. The time at which he promised to meet me has passed. He comes not. Has anything happened to you, Paddy? I was the cause of all. I wish I had never been born. To think that I, poor Molly O'Brien, should have caused so much misery. The thought is painful. Hark! Somebody's coming. It's Paddy! I know his welcome step.

Enter PADDY KELLY.

Molly. (Putting her arms around his neck.) Oh! Paddy, where have you been? Molly's been lonely without you.

Paddy. I had a hard time to get here, Molly, with my life. It may, perhaps, be the last time we'll meet again.

Molly. (Screaming and sobbing.) Oh! Paddy, Paddy, you ain't going to leave your own dearest Molly! You don't know how I love you. Don't say you're going, Paddy! 'Twill break your Molly's heart. Would you leave your own little Molly? Oh! Paddy, Paddy, what will become of me when you are gone?

Paddy. Molly, mavourneen, it may be only for a short time. I intend to go to America, where I can earn enough to pay your passage. Her ladyship will comfort you when I am gone. She is your best friend.

Molly. Why do you leave poor old Ireland, Paddy?

Paddy. Because I can do nothing for her, and the Marquis has offered one hundred pounds for my capture. Would you like to see me die on England's scaffold? Give me a parting kiss, mavourneen.

Molly. You'll not forget your Molly when you're far away.

Paddy. As soon forget my life. Here, Molly, is a ring, you take one-half and I'll take the other. 'Twill bind us, though distant, to what we adore. Let us part now Molly, and God grant that it may be for a short time. Good-bye, Molly.

Molly. (Weeping.) I'm all alone now. (goes into cabin.)

SCENE II. A highway.

Enter MOLLY O'BRIEN, singing.

Land of the harp, our ill-fated Erin,
Thy patriots' graves are bedecked with thy green,
While friends of our youth, so true and endearing,
Are scattered abroad, though in visions are seen
Oh! land of the bard, whose musical numbers
Chimed in with the harp, in cadence so sweet,
No more greets the heart that silently slumbers
Where freedom once sung in her emerald seat.

Paddy's gone! How dreadful to think I may never see him again. Why did I not go with him?

Enter HARRY DOOGAL.

Harry. Your singing charmed me, and I could not resist the temptation to step over. You look unwell. What can be the matter?

Molly. Well you know. You are the cause of it.

Harry. It is yourself, in rejecting my proposal. Had you consented to be my wife, this would never have happened. I here renew my offer; refuse it at your peril. You shall either be mine or perish.

Molly. Refuse or perish?

Harry. That's what I said.

Molly. Then you would murder me as you did Owny Murphy?

Harry. No more. Refuse, and I shall force you!

Molly. Do your best! I'll never be the wife of a murderer.

Harry. I leave, to return again for a different purpose. I'll be revenged on Paddy Kelly. You shall never be his wife. (exit.)

Enter ANNIE DOOGAL.

Annie. Never fear, Mary. I heard all. Be reconciled, and soon you will be wedded to the choice of your heart. Retire with me to the cabin. (exit.)

SCENE III. The O'Brien family in their cabin.

Enter LORD DOOGAL.

Darby. (rising.) Good mornin' to your honor!*Lord.* (merely nods.) I came over to see about that affair of Harry and your daughter Mary, and seek an answer.*Darby.* There's herself and axe her.*Lord.* Is your influence of no avail in this instance?*Darby.* It appears so.*Lord.* Then you shall quit this land immediately, if your daughter does not consent to the match..*Molly.* Then, my lord, I shall never consent. I would rather die over a slow fire than submit.*Lord.* Mind me; I'll force you to submit. I'll eject you all from the land! (exit.)

Enter PADDY KELLY.

Molly. Paddy! Paddy! we're going to be turned out of the cabin.*Paddy.* So I heard him say. I was about to depart when I saw his lordship coming this way, and I followed him to see what it was about.*Molly.* What will we do now, Paddy?*Paddy.* Go into the street as his lordship says. I'll not leave old Ireland yet, Molly. I must fix Harry Doogal. My Irish blood boils so that nothing can cool it but satisfaction.*Darby.* Come, we'll all go out, and thin he'll find the cabin empty whin he comes. (exit all.)

SCENE IV. The O'Briens turned out of the cabin.

Molly. Out in the street, with no place to rest. What is to become of us?

Enter ANNIE DOOGAL.

Annie. So he has put his threats into execution, and drove you from the cabin, Molly?*Molly.* Yes, and has forbidden all the neighbors to receive us. It's only for my parents that I care. They are now penniless and shelterless.*Annie.* They will not be so long. Take this, Molly, and it will keep you comfortably until this affair is settled.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A clump of trees, under which Paddy and Molly are standing.. Time—night, four weeks after the last act.

Paddy. Well, Molly, it's very hard to escape the enemy ; but her ladyship is determined to free me from the charge of murder. She does not want to inform on Harry, as it would leave a stain on the honor of the family ; but advises me to keep an eye on her brother, since he means to do me harm. If she can make it all right with his lordship, then it is all right with the Marquis.

Molly. Our cabin is going to ruin, and all the thatch is torn off, and the neighbors dare not venture near it.

Paddy. Her ladyship will look to that at the proper time, and do all she can for our comfort.

Molly. Did she tell you so ?

Paddy. She did, and I believe she will. Her heart is true to Ireland though her father's is not.

Molly. They'll turn her out of the castle if she mingles with us, and then she'll be as badly off as we are.

Paddy. No, they won't do that, for it would be dishonorable. If it was not for the disgrace it would bring she'd be an outcast now. The Marquis himself is ashamed to mention anything about the disgraceful defeat he suffered at the castle from the Whiteboys, and therefore keeps it to himself. He would enter into any plan with his lordship to keep the affair silent., and this is what her ladyship is working around.

Molly. I hope all will soon be right.

Paddy. She's confident of success.

Harry Doogal. (stepping from behind a tree, with a knife in his hand, and faces Paddy.) You lie ! This will serve her as it now serves you !

Annie Doogal. (springing from behind another tree.) Not yet ! (gives him a push which sends him to the ground, where he lies motionless.) Get a candle till we see the state of affairs. (they wait in silence until Molly returns with a lighted candle.) Oh ! heavens, he's dead ! I, it was, who killed him ! Oh ! mercy, the deed is

done ! I have slain my brother ! I had avoided it often before ; but fate ordained otherwise. I am sorry for the deed ! Oh ! look at what I've done. That deed will kill me. I have tried to bring about a peaceable settlement without any more trouble. He's dead, and with him has passed your only enemy in the world. I have watched him from the privacy of his chamber to the public inn. At times I have been disguised in masculine attire, and at others in the coarsest costume of the gentler sex, and used every means to ferret out his plans. He has been watching for this opportunity some time, and thrice have I foiled his plans, and prevented him from taking your lives. He is now no more. His blood is on my soul ! and though he was the greatest villain in the country, he was still a brother. I have finished my career on earth ! My days are numbered, and my grave unknown. I ask you both to speak a kind word for Annie Doogal when she is gone, and tell my father how I died. This (taking a dagger from her breast.) have I carried for a long time ; but not for this purpose. Good-by all.

Lord Doogal. (stepping from behind and grasping the arm with the dagger.) You shall not die ! You are my daughter. You must comfort me in my old age. I have learned the true state of affairs from your mother, and I'm proud of your conduct. I witnessed your timely arrival, and commend you for the act. That is not my son.

Annie. (allowing her father to possess the dagger.) Who is it, then ? It is the body of Harry.

Lord. I know it. He was an adopted child. A Spanish nobleman, who was exiled from his native land, on account of taking part in an insurrection, left him to me, with the request to bring him up as my own. I have done so ; but he inherited that passion from his father, and this is the result. I was not aware that he had Paddy Kelly confined in the castle until to-day.

Annie. You might have known it before, if you had listened to reason.

Lord. The deed is done now, and cannot be remedied. I will make amends for all tenfold.

Annie. How did you come to know about this affair ?

Lord. Mother told me that Harry informed her of his intention to fix Paddy Kelly, and desired me to watch him. I followed her advice, and here I am. I want this affair kept very silent. I will arrange everything in a satisfactory manner with the sheriff. The Marquis is only too eager to have the affair hushed up. I will have the body removed to the castle to-night. Keep out of the way for a day or two, Paddy, and all will be well. Mary, though a lord, I beg your forgiveness.

Molly. I forgive you all; but beseech of you to free Paddy from the hands of the law.

Lord. I'll get him free. Now, Mary, you can tell the old folks, for me, that they can return to the cabin. Tell them to repair it well and I'll pay all the expenses. In two weeks from to-night I wish to see you the wife of Paddy Kelly.

Molly. Thank you, my lord.

Lord. Help me, Paddy, to remove the body. (they remove it, Molly and Annie following.)

SCENE II. The wedding of Paddy Kelly.

Paddy. Welcome to the cabin of Paddy Kelly and his bride. Make yourselves happy, and call for what you wish.

Taidy O' Toole. Long life to Paddy Kelly and his bride.

Enter ANNIE DOOGAL.

Annie. Here, Paddy, is a fortune. May it never help to turn your heart against the land of the shamrock. May Erin find in all her sons, fond patriots, stern and true; When time commands may all their guns be ready for the foe, and peal on peal reverberate until the day is done, when joyous hearts the news imparts of freedom sought and won.

Paddy. Long life to your ladyship.

Molly. May guardian angels ever surround you, and crown your future years.

Annie. I must go now. I hope you will have a good old Irish time. (exit.)

Barney Dolan. Let us dhrink a health to her. Here's that the light of happiness may never be clouded in her

future years, and the flag of her country in freedom be unfurled to the breeze.

All. Amen!

Darby. I call on me son-in-law for a song.

All. Paddy Kelly! Paddy Kelly!

Paddy. Then, here it is. (Paddy sings. After he finishes others sing.)

Darby. Come, boys and girls, now for the break-down.

Micky O Toole. [taking a door from the cabin and placing it on the stage, he jumps upon it.] Play us a good break-down. Come, Biddy McMannus, stand for-ninst me, and we'll kill the tune.

Biddy. Hurroo! boys. here she goes! [giving a jump upon the door.] Now, play up.

Piper. Thin, here goes. [they dance until another couple pays the piper for a chance to take the floor; these are removed to make room for another couple, and so on until some of them become excited, and dispute the right to the floor, when confusion begins to reign, and then the curtain falls.



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